

**New Fiction Deals With a Misalliance, a College Girl's Career and Pure Romance.**  
**Books for Young People Plentiful and Diversified—**  
**Calendars and Christmas Cards.**

In "A Young Lady" (John Lane Company) Horace W. C. Newte manages to convey to the reader the dullness of a prosaic London suburb about which his impressions are extremely gloomy, but which he describes with the minutest by Dutch painter's eye. In all the dwellers in it is to conceal the companion which takes them daily into London and to break into the social rest which they regard as immediately above them. Male and female, they never rise above the deepest stupidity; in evidence the author notes down countless conversations. The object of the heroine with extremely fine colored pictures by Mary Hamilton Frye by Doubleday, Page and Company. The translation by Velma Swanston Howard. Very good artistic paintings of animals familiar to young children by E. J. Detmold make the first of the "The Book of Babes and Pets" (Hodder and Stoughton, New York). The text, describing rabbits, guinea pigs, squirrels, kittens, birds, fishes and the rest, is by Florence E. Dugdale and is well written and simple. A much smaller book with simpler pictures, "Really True Natural Stories," by Helen S. Woodruff (George

For the smallest readers and those who have to be read to the appearance of new adventures of Rose O'Neill's ingenious and popular creations will be the use of the "The Keweenaw." Their Book" (Frederick & Sons Company) are as funny and pretty as ever. Wordless, but none the less attractive to infancy, is a two volume toy book, that with a little ingenious manipulation is turned into a doll's house, "Betty's Bangalow Doll House" (Hawley & Sons Co., New York). New York. One book contains a room and bedroom, the other a living room and bedroom, and the two can be joined together. Colored pictures, accompanied by angles relating to plant life written by

Helen S. Woodruff (George | poem of length?

credit was due to the difficulty to read that the *English Review* for the innovation of lengthy poems in the periodicals. Thirteenth years ago when the *Smart Set* was launched, the editor, John Burroughs, wrote himself a poet realizing the latent love of verse in almost all readers, made it possible to print each month a poem of some length, and followed this course a whole year. Richard Hovey's satire on "Don Juan," one of the most amazingly clever things that America has ever seen, was published in the *English Review*, and then followed a series of admirable examples of modern verse at Theodore Garrison's "The King's Chamber," and Scott's "The Ballad of the Grand Vizier—I have forgotten," and at William C. Curran and many an altogether unknown singer were richly represented in the *English Review* pages. And one must not forget that the *English Review* was Moody's greatest poem, "An Ode in Time of the Revolution," appeared. Mrs. Wharton's "Vandyke and the Princess Trubetzkoy" have frequently been reprinted, and considerable length to Scribner's and Harper's, and John Brishen Walker many years ago was not afraid to publish Leconte's "The Carpenters' Playlet in the Cosmopolitan." In the *Christiana* for this year one finds "The Shoes of Happiness," by Edwin Markham, covering several pages, in the same number Sara Teasdale's "The Carpenter," and in the third. And watch the *Forum* each month. So who shall say that the editor of the *English Review* prejudiced against the poem of length?

# FOR POETS

HANSON TOWNE.

Miss Harriet Monroe out in Chicago deserves high praise for her venture of bringing out a magazine of verse every month. *Poetry* has had a big and gratifying success, and though one might quarrel with Miss Monroe at times for her uncatholic taste her purpose is plain and

HERE has never been such a deep interest in poetry as there is at this hour. When the magazine gladly gives seven and eight pages to Byron, Keats, Shelley, and Keble, the singers complain that these are times of ill fortune for them?

I was amused the other day to read that credit to the distinguished editor of the *English Review* for his selection of lengthy poems in the periodicals. Thirteen years ago when the *Smart Set* was edited by Griscom, the editor, and himself a poet, wrote how he had made himself a point to print each month a poem of variable length. And he dared to follow this course, he said, because of Hovey's satire on "Don Juan," one of the most amazingly clever things that America ever did, owes its first publication to Griscom. He also pointed out the admirable examples of modern verse at Theodore Gosia Garrison's "The King's Chamber" and Clinton Scollard's ballad of the grand old man, "The Grand Old Man of the Sea." Carman and many an altogether unknown singer were richly represented in the *Smart Set's* pages. And one must not forget the *Century*, which, in the hands of Moody's greatest poem, "An Ode in Times of Hesitation," appeared. Mrs. Wharton's "Dr. Van Dyke and the Princess Troubetzkoff," and the *Century's* poems of considerable length to *Scythia*, *Harper's*, and John Brinker Walker many years ago was not afraid to publish long poems, like the "Cabalyst in the Cosmopolitan." In the *Christianian* this year one finds "The Shoes of Happiness," by Edwin Markham, covering several pages, and in the same number Sara Teasdale's "The Caravan." In the *Forum* three, and which the *Forum* each month. So who shall say that the editorials of the *Forum* are prejudiced against the poem of length?

Miss Harriet Monroe out in Chicago deserves high praise for her very idea of bringing out a magazine of verse every month. Poetry has had a big and gratifying success, and though one might quarrel with Mr. Monroe's taste, and his catholic taste her purpose is plain and she is leading her readers in the right direction. Personally I cannot help feeling that the most notable of the new verse Ezra Pound, masquerading as a poet, has done more harm for the high cause of Song than the most antagonistic editor, barrister, and journalist of the day could have got all agree. I found when I talked to Miss Monroe that she felt no enthusiasm for Stephen Phillips—has she forgotten "Marched into the world of the living" in the New Field. And recently she said that Stella Wheeler Wilcox had no soul—an amazing statement when one remembers Mrs. Wilcox's "The Soul of a Poet" and the clarity of expression and those beautiful songs of hers that reveal a great poetry for the world and humanity and a great soul.

There are five magazines in existence now which devote themselves entirely to the publication of verse. True, two of them are issued in London but one, as I said, is a sort of outgrowth of the *Quarterly* and that is a pitiful sign. Publishers are not afraid now to issue books of verse at their own expense. As George H. Doran has said, "The poet is no longer a beggar either for the poet or the publisher, but who cares? If a flower is beautiful one's first thought is to preserve it—between the poet and the publisher and a poet is a flower." The *Quarterly*, a long-lived, famous song to-day is worth a pound. Mitchell Kennerley has long been the friend of poets. He has been young and idealistic and idealistic is a word that in our time means more for a young writer than the old Bodley Head.

The poets are faring well. The times

tion Publicity Bureau, 80 Malden in New York. The use of charts makes a comparison of the several elements, which are of peculiar interest in this State now, because of the approval by the electors of the compensation amendment to the Constitution at the last election.

I haven't room in this article to go into a lengthy description of Mr. Bennett's methods for the restoration of youth and the prevention of old age. All I can do is refer you to the book which he has written, entitled "Old Age—Its Prevention and Cure," which is now being sold by the publisher, The World Book Company, 410 North Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill. I am sure that Dr. Bennett's vote of thanks to the women among those who hear of his work and his return to youth will most certainly investigate further and at least acquire a knowledge of his methods.



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